

Extras, Extras from DMT (WNM?)

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Extras, Extras from DMT (WNM?)

by [NoxiousStrawberries](#)

Summary

anything extra from the main fic

Feb 27 2024 edit: DISCONTINUED — see my fic "Do Mi Ti" for reason.

QnA -- Curiouser, and Curiouser

Without further ado.....

YOUR questions and OUR answers!

(I'm sorry for any spelling mistakes.)

Category One — Questions for the author (me :))

Question: Has Tommy always been able to see cryptids? Is/was Sam a cryptid?

Answer: Yes, Tommy has always been able to see cryptids. The reason being that cryptids are actually really hidden from humanity, but due to many reasons (feeling threatened, can't control bloodlust, etc.) they can make themselves known. It is rare for a cryptid to go after an adult, which makes the prime target children. Tommy may have met more cryptids but not remember them.

And yes, Sam is a cryptid. While our favorite greenette despises humans and animals in general, he has always had a soft spot for kids. It's just in his nature.

Question : What would Wilbur (The Siren) do if someone sang one of his songs?

Answer:

First off, Wilbur would be invested in whoever was singing. I mean, this "man" is all about music, and will want to know who's singing such heavenly notes — Even if the notes really aren't that heavenly.

After listening for a good minute, he'll recognize it and be confused. How did someone get his song journal? Someone's singing his songs!

He'll be tempted to rip their throat out, but he can't help but just rest in the depths of the water and listen to them.

By singing one of Wilbur's songs, he'll leave you alone and just listen, not finding the will to end you.

It would be his greatest weakness.

But, of course, his beloved song lyrics are hidden away in his old house's attic. Even if they were found by now, the pages would've rotten away already.

{ The only reason I answered this is because Wilbur has long forgotten most of his songs, and even if you were to sing them, he wouldn't recognize them. The only songs Wilbur remembers is "I'm sorry Boris" and "I'm in love with an E-Girl", but only certain parts. }

Question: Has Tommy been adopted or is he being fostered by the family (The Simons)?

Answer: Tommy has been adopted since he was two and a half!

Question: Have you ever wanted to punt a child?

Answer: Alright, this is REALLY ironic, but yes, I have! I'm actually not a fan of kids; Babies freak me out way more than any other age group. If a kid randomly cuddles close to me or tries to play fight me, I almost go completely ape-shit. Internally of course. I don't want a law suit. (Please don't hate me in the comments)

Question: Where did you get this idea?

Answer: I read so many stories where Tommy was always suffering, or the Sleepy Bois Inc were getting on my nerves, etc. I have no problem with Fanfics like this, but I feel like there's just so much angst nowadays, and no fluff.

Also, if writing can make you feel things, then its great writing. Many kudos to you writers who make me want to cry and yell at the same time!

Anyways, I was reading some other fanfics where the Sleepy Bois were kinda cryptids but not (if that makes sense) and my mind was like:

"HEY! Write a story about a three year old and some creepy mother fuckers!"

And that's what lead to this story lol.

Question: Who is your favorite cryptid to write? Why?

Answer:

Most definitely Phil (The Angel)

Phil, as you'll come to find out, passed away in a normal yet still sorrowful way. Its not his death that is tragic, but what comes AFTER his death that affected his soul the most which caused him to become a cryptid. Let's just say, for now, someone on the inside pissed Phil's corpse off and he came back to kick their ass.

Not only is Phil naturally a family-oriented person and very protective and loving, but once he's mad, he's MAD. I like writing about loving, caring fathers, who adore their sons. Vice versa with moms (Mothers who adore their daughters).

Other than Phil's backstory (Which I write/do research for privately), I really like describing Phil's physical traits. As you can tell, Phil is a very pretty boy in this story — Glamza — and I've always had a fascination with writing about someone's beauty.

I also like writing about scary shit and gore for someone.

Phil is both, which is a win-win!

Category Two — The Tommy + Company questions (Mainly Tommy)

Question: Tommy, who is your favorite imaginary friend?

Answer:

“Um.... Hmm.... maybe Dirty Crime Boy (Wilbur/The Siren). He's funny,” Tommy explained.

In the distance, near a specific cove, a yell of triumph was heard. That triumph turned to terror as the faint sound of chainsaw revving up started.

Question: The Simons, how do you feel about Tommy's imaginary friends?

Answers:

“I like them, but they're not really real, so I can't give a proper answer. I'm just glad that Tommy is keeping himself occupied and happy,” Clara gushed.

“As long as he's safe, I don't have a problem with it,” Edward gave his answer quietly.

The twins shrugged, not really having an opinion, “It's whatever. As long as he doesn't try to get us in trouble or anything we're cool with it.”

Question: Tommy, if given the chance, would you follow the bird man (Phil/The Angel)?

Answer:

Tommy hesitated, fingers coming together to pick at one another. The little blonde was silent for a good few moments before seeming to come to a conclusion.

“Yeah.... I guess... only if he apologized for being a meanie. And if he brought me back in time for dinner,” Tommy replied.

Question: Mark, how long would you say you’ve known Ran and Boo?

Answer:

“All my life,” Mark answered shyly, “Or at least, all my life that I can rememeber.”

Question: Tommy, what would you say/do if you saw the bird man, the Dirty Crime Boy, and the pink haired guy in the same room (Phil, Wilbur, Techno)? Who would you go to first?

Answer:

“I guess I’d be like, ‘wow’ or ‘whoa’ or something cause.... cause they seem so... i don’t know... different... i think I’d go to the pink haired guy first cause he has all the pretty rings and i like his hair... then I’d go to Dirty Crime Boy... yeah.”

The distant chainsaw stopped for a moment before continuing to do whatever the controller of the chainsaw wanted.

{ And if the pink haired guy made double the rings to wear and combed his hair at least fifty times more than average before Tommy saw him again, that’s the pinkette’s buisness. }

Question: Clay and Nick, how are your guys’ noses?

Answers:Its much better now, but its still kinda crooked. It kind of bothers me,” Clay reached up a hand to trace his slightly out of place nose.

“Mine’s better, too!,” Nick said, “And dude, just get your mom or something to set it straight. That’s what my pops did.”

“Nick, when did Mr. Zak set it straight? And why is it so bruised”

“Oh like... a week ago. Ya know... when my dad was out to the grocery store. We just told him I fell and broke it again,” Nick explained cheerfully.

The two boys stared at each other in silecnce; One in concern and the other in peace.

Question: Tommy and Mark, how do you feel about your cryptid buddies/imaginary friends?

Answers:

“Wait... Mark, you have imaginary friends too?!” Tommy’s eyes sparkled as he looked at his older companion.

“Ah... um.... yes...?” Mark squeaked out.

“Pog!”

Mark was almost glad Tommy forgot about the question.

{ Both boys have mixed feelings about them. }

Question: Tommy, were you ever bullied for having imaginary friends?

Answer:

“No.. a lot of kids i played with had their own imaginary friends, or they didn’t care,” Tommy said.

{Their friends were actually fake}

Category Three — Questions for the SBI cryptids (Phil, Techno, Wilbur)

Question: What are your opinions on hospitals?

Answers:

“Hospitals...? Boys, do you know what a ‘Hospital’ is?” Phil’s utterly confused gaze shifted over to his companions. Techno just shrugged but Wilbur seemed to have his lightbulb light up.

“Oh my god, I can’t believe I forgot. Hospitals are like... places where you go when your really sick or... like... hurt yourself,” Wilbur explained, dead eyes brightening just a smidge.

“Oh.... that sounds so strange.... well, to answer your question I would have to say I’m neutral about them. I don’t know a lot about ‘Hospitals’ but I know for a fact that those didn’t exist back in my day... would’ve saved lots of lives now that I think about it...” Phil trailed off, wings ruffling.

Techno just nodded in agreement, “I’d have to say ‘m neutral too. We only had knives and prayers when I was regular.”

“I was far too poor to actually get good use out of a hospital. For that, I’d have to say I dislike them,” Wilbur answered.

Question: What are your opinions on Tommy?

If you were there, sweet readers, you would've felt the tension rise by a hundred percent.

"Well... at first I thought he would end up like all the others. Dead. Rotting. Miserable. I thought he would die at my hands but I just... can't hurt him. Little nerd's found a way to manipulate me, and i don't really like it," Techno, surprisingly, was the first to answer. Bloodied eyes turned deep and cruel, a swirl of misery within them.

"Oh, Techno, stop it! You just can't admit you care for someone for once!" Wilbur lectured teasingly, though his tone held something akin to insanity within it, "I like him, personally. He's a genuinely fun kid once you get to know him... and oh! He's such a cutie! I could just eat him up!"

Phil remained silent, wings bristling, puffing up and down in erratic patterns. Face blank, he answered with, "He's sweet. He smells good. He's innovative. He has my respect."

(For those of you curious, yes, Tommy smells like peaches and cream with a hint of sage. A naturally sweet musk that every child has growing up, all different in scents and intensity.)

Question: What would you be willing to do to acquire true happiness or the next best thing?

Answers:

"Anything," Techno responded as easily as breathing, "If it guarantees me happiness, I would do anything for it."

"I would do a lot of things, but if happiness awaits me if I stop singing and start doing charity work, I'm not doing it," Wilbur replied.

"Well, I doubt I could ever reach true happiness again, but if I had the chance, I would tear the world apart and defy all odds," Phil gave his answer with a small smile.

Question: What would you feel if our favorite 3 year old Tommy got sick?

Answers:

"We would feel terrible! Me and Tech would probably take care of him, sing him some songs, tell stories... y'know," Wilbur shrugged.

“I’ll help, but I’m not singing,” Techno shot a warning glare towards his drowned companion, who just smiled back cheekily.

“I would... I would feel worried. To snuff that out, I would gather herbs and the works. Tea and soup is the best remedy in my opinion,” Phil answered though his wings were puffed up uncomfortably, gentle distress evident in his features.

Question: How old are you guys?

Answers:

“Oh, dear, I would have to say...” Phil trailed off, thinking deeply, “I’m two hundred and fifty? No, I’m a bit older than that....”

Wilbur counted on his fingers as if it would help him remember, “I think I’m ninety something. I just know for a fact that I’m older than ninety.”

“Around one hundred eighty,” Techno said.

Question: Phil, *shows picture of Urahara from Bleach* is this you?

Answer:

Phil gripped the photo carefully, confusion laced in his vision. He examined it thoroughly before asking, “Who is this? Who’s Ur... Ura.... Urahara? Did I say that right?”

“Let me see! Let me see!” Wilbur asked excitedly, mischievous tone clear as he nabbed the photo from Phil’s claws. The tall man went quiet before bursting out in loud laughter, pointing at Phil. His dead eyes went between the photo and the winged man, laughter getting stronger.

“O-OH MY GOD! You do look like him! Even the hat is the same!”

Techno peered over Wilbur’s shaking shoulders, deadpanning at the photo, Wilbur almost keeling over with laughter.

“Wilbur, please!” Phil lectured sheepishly, pale face flushing grey, “... and to answer your question, no, that is not me.”

“Ya sure about that one, Philza?”

“Wil, I swear to god.”

Question: Why are you guys assholes to children?

Answers:

The silence was... well... silent until Techno cleared his throat, “Next question.”

Question: What are your opinions on Tommy’s foster family?

Answers:

“I’m sure they’re lovely people, but I don’t ever want to get to know them. They’re too fleshy and sappy. Not my cup of tea,” Phil answered.

“I agree.” Techno muttered out, twisting his rings around his fingers.

“I honestly don’t give a shit about them,” Wilbur said with a shrug.

Question: Techno, why do you use the appendix of all organs? Have you ever used different organs? Have you ever eaten intestines?

Answer:

“The appendix is, believe me or not, such a flavorful part of the human body. It is also the easiest to remove. Yes, I have used and eaten other intestines, I like to binge eat them a lot when I get my hands on them. If I eat too many, I get really tired quickly, and I kinda hibernate. Phil and Wil have to moderate my intake so that doesn’t happen,” Techno’s eyes flashed a bit at the mention of the other organs.

Question: Did you all know each other when you were humans? If not, when did you meet?

Answers:

“No, I existed far earlier before those two,” Phil explained.

“Yeah, we never met when we were normal,” Wilbur said, “But we did meet shortly after the year 1961.”

Category Four — Ran and Boo!

Question: What’s your opinion on Tommy and Tubbo?

Answer:

‘If Mark likes them, we like them,’ Ran answered. Boo was too busy messing with his hair to care.

Question: Are you two also cryptids?

Answer:

‘Yeah, our entire existence, we’ve been like this’ Boo nodded casually to his words.

Question: How did you meet/get attached to Mark?

Answer:

‘We met him when the family moved into our favorite house for hiding. Mark was crying an awful lot, but when he looked at us, he just stopped and stared,’ Boo explained, claw twisting a stringy piece of hair.

‘It was very endearing and somewhat cute,’ Ran added on.

‘After that we just kept visiting more and more and well,’ Boo chuckled, ‘The rest is history!’

Though the look of secrecy in their glowing eyes said that there was more to the story than what they were saying.

Welp, that’s it for now folks!

Hope it was everything you asked for!

The Poll Results

Chapter Summary

polls :)

Here is a sneak peek of scenes from the Option 1/SCP Fanfic
Please enjoy:

The meeting room was strangely loud even though it was silent. No one spoke, the only sound being the Director's secretary typing away on her computer. The director himself was sitting at the head of the table, slowly analyzing and setting aside pictures and files of the most recently caught monstrosities. Scrutinizing eyes scanned each and every one. He set the last one down before looking up at the doctors in front of him, folding his hands, "So... what are you all proposing?"

Dr. Jabali, a mousy woman, spoke up, "We are proposing an experiment upon the new SPCs. This experiment would be looking into their understanding of human connections and human care. It would also explore their levels of understanding of empathy and emotions."

The director sat back, raising an eyebrow, "And what would you call this experiment, Dr. Jabali?"

Dr. Carter spoke up this time for the team, "It would be called the S. B. I. Trials."

"Are you crazy, Elliot?" Mrs. Iams cried to her husband.

"Listen to me, Lorianne! By using Tommy, Site-37 is going to thrive. These creatures are some of the strongest any of the sites have come into contact with in forever. I can't just let this go!" Mr. Iams -- or Dr. Iams -- exclaimed to his wife, throwing his arms around to express his point.

"Our son! Using our son who isn't even four months old yet and sending him off to the slaughter! You're going to put him in the care of fucking.... fucking monsters!" Mrs. Iams whisper-yelled knowing that her baby boy was only a few rooms away sleeping peacefully. She walked over to the kitchen table, shakily throwing herself down on the seat. She was shaking violently, terrified of what would happen to her child.

"Lori, you're blowing this out of proportion. Tommy will be under constant supervision and there will be triple the guards outside the rooms he goes into. We've tried other age groups: Elders, adults, young adults, teenagers, kids, but none were able to make any progress. Most

of our scientists and doctors are older, and due to the SCPs capturing, they either are aggressive or cold to them. We had a teenager by the name of Clara Rosario volunteer to try and interact with the subjects, but they refused to engage. At one of her last visits, SCP-2139 threw her against the wall, and her mother refused to let her continue. Two children by the names Clementine Martin and Henry Wright didn't get any progress either. Tommy is the only option," Dr. Iams explained, "Not only is he young enough to not be able to tell how dangerous those things are, but he is the most humane thing you can think of. He's the perfect subject for this. Not only will this be a great discovery, but it will also pay so fucking well, dear. This experiment is going to pay ninety-five thousand dollars if all goes well and we get all the data we need."

Mrs. Iams let out a few shuddering breaths, "Elliot, please... promise me. If I let you do this, you have to promise me that Tommy is going to be safe. That if one of those sons of bitches show a single ounce of being aggressive, you will pull him out immediately."

Dr. Iams went and knelt on the ground, grabbing her hands, "Of course. I promise."

"Okay, okay Thomas," Dr. Iams excitedly cooed as he set his son down on the sterile crib that Dr. Allen helped provide. Tommy only fussed a little bit, drooling all over his stuffie, 'Harold'. His father continued, "Be a good boy for daddy, okay?"

The doctor ran out of the steel door, shutting it with a swish of his keycard. Tommy whined when the bright lights shined down right on his face, a strange lady's voice echoing around the room ("Attention: The first stage of the S. B. I. Trials is going to begin. Any authorized personnel, please report to the observation room in area A-2. Any authorized guards should be stationed outside of SCP-1242's Containment Room, if not, please be fifteen feet away from the room. The door to the infant will open in three seconds... 3... 2... 1...") and he heard the grinding of steel sliding open. It hurt his sensitive ears and he let out a soft cry, protesting against it.

Footsteps seemed too soft, almost airy. A strange kind of shadow covered Tommy's body, the footsteps stopping next to his crib. Cold air washed over him and Tommy couldn't help but snuggle further into Harold. After moments of strange ambiance, a cold (freaky cold, yet almost strangely hot like smoke) hand pressed against Tommy's tummy, fingers ghosting over his chest but stopping when it reached his heartbeat.

Tommy couldn't help and look at the new figure above him; Glossy, blue eyes met empty, glazed white abysses.

Heheheheheh, and that's all the preview you're getting friends, hehehehehh

Hope you liked it BUT that's not all!

I saw those few of you who like the number 2 prompt, I have written a few scenes I have

decided on to use in the Serial Killer AU.

So, here is a very, VERY early and simple preview of Option 2/Serial Killer AU:

Faye noticed from the moment she picked her son up, that he was silent. Tommy was never silent, always talking, always happy. So Faye did all the subtle things a mother would do when their child is visibly upset; Play his favorite music, ask him all about his day, etc., etc.

Finally, Tommy seemed to relent, “Mommy?”

“Yeah bubs?” Faye asked, turning down the music a bit and eyes trained intently on the road. Afternoon traffic was a bitch.

“Why... why isn’t my daddy around?” Tommy asked quietly, voice sad. Faye almost crashed the car at that question. Honestly, she knew that she should have told Tommy something about his father. She just hated the subject, the subject of that son of a bitch who was fucking insane, the one who... no. He doesn’t matter now. Tommy does, and Tommy’s all that matters.

“Oh, well.... Why are you asking this? Did something happen?” Faye asked, trying to keep her composure, and sheepishly waving at the car behind her who flipped her off. Tommy shifted and began to play with his fingers (Faye clearly remembers how that damn man did that when he was stressed; He used to do it after a bad day or when they were playing games and he was trying to win). Her son shyly mumbled, “Some kids said it was weird that I only have a mommy and not a daddy.”

“Oh bubba,” Faye said sadly, putting her hand on his knee sympathetically, “I’m sorry that happened. You do have a daddy, it’s just that... he’s having some issues right now and can’t come to see you at the moment.”

“Really?” Tommy’s face lit up and Faye hated it, “Is... is he cool?”

“Yeah,” Faye settled on, “You look like him a lot, too.”

“Woah!” Tommy turned to the window, trying to catch his reflection. It was true, Tommy had his curls and high-pitched laughter, his accent and sense of humor. Tommy had that man’s father’s hair and eyes and even has the habit that his brother had. It broke Faye’s heart that her son had so many of that psycho’s and his family’s features, but it was different. Tommy made the laughter lifting instead of haunting, he made those blue eyes warm instead of cold, and he made those habits endearing instead of annoying.

“Does he love me?” Tommy asked suddenly, and Faye hated it. She hated it, hated him, and hated all of it.

“Y... yes,” Faye chokes out, “I’m sure he loves you very much, and one day, I’m sure he’ll come to meet you.”

The knock sounded on the rickety old door, and Tommy stopped coloring, ‘Mickey Mouse Clubhouse’ playing in the background. He watched it for a few seconds from around the corner before turning back to his sheet. Once a few more seconds, another knock sounded, more insistent. Tommy looked at the door for a few more moments, “Mommy? Can I get the door?”

“Huh?” Faye peaked out from the dingy kitchen, “Yeah bubba, it’s probably Mr. Clarencio. Just tell him I’m in the kitchen.”

“Okay, mommy!” Tommy sprung up and stumbled over to the door. He fumbled with the lock for a second before opening the door with a smile that faded a bit when he saw who was behind it. Instead of strange-looking Mr. Clarencio with his afro and festive cardigans, there were three men. Well, one man whose hand was raised as if he was going to knock on the door again. The other men were behind him, looking down the halls. The man with the raised hand was super, super tall with curls of chocolate and cedar eyes. His gold-rimmed glasses were slanted a bit on his nose, slipping down when he looked at Tommy, his yellow sweater rumbled by the way it was pushed up to his elbows. The man on his left was maybe even taller than the brunette, with a waterfall of peony pink locks and dark eyes. His arms were crossed, veins evident through strong arms, even though he was wearing a pretty-looking button-up. The man on the right was shorter than both, but he looked strong himself, with honey hair and ocean blue eyes so similar to Tommy’s. He had a scar across his jaw that made Tommy think he was extra awesome.

“Oh... uh... hi,” Tommy said, closing the door a bit. The brunette just looked at him with a strange glint in his eyes, like he was seeing the stars for the first time ever. It was kind of weird, and Tommy didn’t really like it.

“Hello,” The brunette croaked out, eyes never leaving Tommy’s figure, “Didn’t... didn’t expect to see a young boy like you here. Any adults home?”

All men were looking at him now and there was a tension in the air that he couldn’t quite describe, but it made him nervous, “Yes... my mommy’s home.”

“Can you get her for us, mate?” The shorter blonde asked Tommy, a nice smile. The brunette still stared at him, and the pinkette beginning to move forwards a bit. Tommy nodded, “Yes. Mommy! There’s a guy here to see you!”

“One second!” Faye called back. Tommy let out a small huff, before turning back around, only to be startled by the face so very close to him all of a sudden. Tommy could feel the brunette’s breath gently fanning his face, smelling of mouthwash and something weird... smokey almost. Tommy took a step back, unsettled by the blank look on the man’s face. His arms were outstretched as if he was going to grab Tommy while he was looking away... weird... maybe he just wanted a hug!

“Um...” Tommy started, “... hug? Mommy said not to touch strangers though, so... uh...”

The brunette's face broke into a charming smile quickly, losing the weird look in his eyes, "Well, I'm no stranger, am I?"

"Um... yes?" Tommy was nervous, hoping his mommy would come sooner. This guy was being a bit weird.

"Well, you would be wrong. I don't know why your... mother... didn't tell you about me, but I'm, well," The brunette seemed embarrassed all of a sudden, grasping at straws for the right words.

"He's your dad, I'm your uncle, and the old man is your grandpa," The pinkette stated bluntly with a deep voice, "Wilbur, Techno... that's my name, and Phil."

Tommy blinked before a smile split across his face, "He's my dad...?", as he pointed at the brunette in front of him. Techno nodded, a small smirk almost unnoticeable on his face. Tommy began to laugh and pulled his dad -- who was very, very pretty -- into a hug with his skinny arms, "Hi daddy!"

Tommy knew that he should be more careful, but god if he wasn't jealous of all his friends that hugged their dads and held their hands. He knew he should be more careful, but Techno and them looked so nice. Surely, his mommy would understand. She did say that his daddy was going to come back one day anyways.

The lanky brunette hugged back tightly, forcing Tommy to snuggle his face into his sweater that smelled of weird cologne. It was warm but so very constricting, and when Tommy tried to pull away, he was held back even harder. His mommy's voice sounded around the corner, "Tommy, who is it... oh god no."

"Faye," His daddy's voice sounded dark and kinda scary, "What a surprise! Did you really think I wouldn't come to find my son?"

Option 2 is very basic and not in all details of the story since its gonna be a while, but still hope you like it :)

I fed you bitches so >:)

Anyways I'll post an announcement when I post the SCP story since many of you voted for that one

(The official count of the last time I checked: 152 ones, 36 twos)

Have a good night everyone

100,000+ Hits Special QnA -- Skeletons Out of The Closet

For the Author

Q: Will we get to see more SMP members?

A: Yep! As you all know, Quackity will be making his appearance really soon and so will another SMP member!

Q: Will Kristin/Mumza show up eventually?

A: *slowly smiles*

Q: What is your favorite character to write and why?

A: As some of you know, in the first one, I replied Philza. However, my opinion has changed. I really like writing from any of the kids' points of view, as it adds mystery and I like writing confusing stuff.

But the question asks about ONE character, and well... I can't answer that right now. Not that I don't have a favorite character, but it's a character who none of my lovely readers have had the chance to read about yet.

So, trust me, you'll be able to tell that they're my favorite character just by reading how I write about them.

Q: What are your top ten favorite types of fanfics to read?

A: *le sigh* Here's the list, in order, of which one's I enjoy most -

Dark SBI/MCYT

Yandere

Yandere reverse harem (yeah I'm that bitch)

Boy x Boy (no specific fandom)

Forced adoption/family dynamics

Human x Monster

Cute love at first sight

Victorian romance

Royalty harem

Soft father dynamics

No, I don't have a dad. Yes, I'm touch-starved. Yes, I'm okay.
Lol.

Q: What inspired you to write this fic?

A: Truth is, I had gotten really into SBI and Dark fics, and I wanted to make something different. I had gotten inspired by agere, actual baby, adoption, and foster care AUs -- and my dumbass just went, at eleven-fifty one night in a hotel room while visiting family in Florida, "Hey let's do all that... but add a little spice :D"

I had no outright inspirations for this fic, just a multitude of AUs that lead me to this.

Q: Any recommendations on how to improve writing?

A: I would recommend practicing a bunch by writing short stories that you don't even have to post or show, but for good practice. Don't be afraid to look up fantastical, long words to replace basic ones and to find someone who will read your stuff and give honest feedback (I have my best friend to read my stuff).

Don't write anything that even YOU feel is too cliché or cheesy sounding -- it comes off as really tacky and people get disinterested fast.

Every good fic HAS to have a non-confusing plot (it can be confusing at first, but it has to make sense in the end!).

That's basically all I have to say about writing, but I am so honored you think I'm that good at it <3

Q: Any random facts that you know?

A: Wilbur Soot's birthday ISN'T actually on September 14th. Apparently, he said it once as a joke/bit and everyone just took it as an answer and wrote it down on every wiki page of him available. So no one from the public knows what Wilbur's real birthday date is. If you google his birthdate, it will still come up as September 14th.

(Also, if someone is a ginger, that means that they are a descendant of a line of incest (I'm sorry, truly.))

Q: How are you so amazing?

A: Oh, why thank you babe (platonic)!

Q: Who are Tommy's past cryptids again?

A: "Sam", "Harold", "Fungi", and "Time Deo".

Q: If you had to pick which two characters do you relate to the most cryptid and human wise?

A: I relate to Dream's cryptid most cryptid-wise because people usually are in fear when they see me, and I usually claim people at random.

I relate to Quackity most human-wise because (yes, I know he isn't in the story yet, but he will be!!!) we both believe that food is life and food is love, and that enchiladas are the greatest thing to ever happen to the human race.

Q: Who is your favorite streamer? MCYT?

A: My favorite streamer and MCYT is Wilbur Soot (mainly because he makes me feel safe and that I view him as a lovely internet older brother).

Q: What is your favorite color?

A: Black because it goes with everything.

Q: Do you like milk?

A: Yep! I prefer flavored milk (chocolate, strawberry, etc.) over regular though!

Q: Buses or trains -- which is better?

A: Trains. Just... trains.

Q: Your favorite LoveJoy song?

A: 'Model Buses' is my absolute favorite out of all of the songs released so far.

Q: What is your favorite pasta type?

A: Man, I just love my spaghetti.

Q: You can only choose one: pizza, garlic bread, PB & J, a sandwich, or any potato dish. Which one do you pick?

A: Probably PB & J, but only if it has strawberry or grape jelly!

Q: Can we see how each cryptid kills?

A: You will in future chapters, so just be patient!

Q: Do you like the rain?

A: Yes. I love the sound of it, and the smell. I don't like getting wet all the time though.

Q: How is your day (hope it's lovely <3)?

A: It's been good!

Q: Opinions on sweets?

A: Absolutely astronomical. I love chocolate and cream-cheese dishes.

Q: What has been your favorite chapter to write so far?

A: Probably the last chapter where we get action from the police, Dream/Clay, Karl, and Tommy with Wilbur. It was all coming together!

Q: Cryptids, would you ever want to traumatize your kids-?

A: I'm not even letting you ask those weirdos this question. They would find you, and they would kill you for even asking them such a thing.

Q: What is your perspective on life?

A: Life is a complex web of emotions, objects, beings, and landscapes. It will forever be impossible to unweave and straighten it out, but if you stand back and look at the web, it's beautiful but it's all terrifying.

Q: Favorite character from any show or just in general?

A: My favorite TV/Movie characters are Vanya Hargreeves from ‘The Umbrella Academy,’ “Bucky” Barnes from Marvel Studios, and Garnet from ‘Steven Universe!’.

However, my love for Hwajin Na, one of the main characters from the webcomic/webtoon ‘Get Schooled!’, knOWS NO BOUNDS I SWEAR TO GOD-

Q: Give me a hug and I’ll give you kisses!!!!

A: Aw, shucks... *gently hugs/holds* Thank you! No kisses are necessary but I’ll take those too.

Q: Are you still writing the SCP AU?

A: Yep! It should be out soon!

[Thanks for all the questions for me! *Respectfully kisses from three feet away because I know not everyone likes physical affection/touch and you all should too*! Now, go read the rest of our answers!]

For Tommy’s Cryptids:

Q: What was your first impression of Tommy?

A:

“That he was an absolute sweetheart,” Wilbur said, “Literally.”

“I thought he was a little gremlin brat... but also that he was kind of adorable,” Technoblade grunts, crossing his arms and leaning back.

“Nothing in particular. I truly thought he was just another child until I... well, he was too good to be true,” Phil answered.

Q: Cheese -- True or False?

A:

“... What.” Techno deadpanned looking down at the question with a raised brow.

“Oh, um- false? No, true, right?” Phil fumbles, grabbing the paper and holding it closer to his face, as if to read the answer out of the question.

“Or,” Wilbur says simply with an innocent smile, “The answer is ‘or’.”

Q: If you had to choose between having a loving Tommy with you forever or being able to kill forever, which would you choose?

A:

“Oh loving my sunshine forever, of course” Wilbur sighed, “It would be a difficult sacrifice, of course, but it would be necessary.” Phil nodded in agreement, with Technoblade adding a sheepish, “Is there really no other way to have both?”

He received a glare from both his companions, before he slumped his shoulders and admitted his defeat silently.

Q: *shows pictures of baby AvianInnit and RaccoonInnit* Thoughts?

A:

Wilbur grabs the lamented photos and stares quietly before he absolutely melts with an “Aww...!” Phil and Techoblade look over his shoulder, the winged man bringing a hand to his mouth as his eyes went wide, Technoblade staring with his jaw a little lowered, dropped.

“Look at his little trash panda ears! Oh, is tale is so fluffy and- oh fuck! He looks like a little chicken mixed with you, Phil! Fuck this is cute!” Wilbur gushes.

Q: What do you think Tommy would look like as a cryptid?

A:

“Adorable,” Wilbur exclaims while interlocking his fingers and swooning, “Fucking adorable, beautiful, spectacular, wonderful, ethereal, amazing-”

“Well, I would like to think he would have wings like me,” Phil says.

“Be realistic Phil,” Technoblade scoffs, “He would be a little ugly thing. Probably kill humans by biting their heads off. Like an infected parasite, or a little possum or raccoon.”

Q: Is fire on things or are things on fire?

A:

“Fire is on things”, Wilbur said.

“No, things are on fire,” Technoblade argues, crossing his arms.

“uh... both?” Phil said, sheepishly.

Q: Technoblade! A moment of your time, please! *Insert moaning/needy face emoji*

A:

“No,” Technoblade says quickly, pink cheeks turning a vicious coral color, “No you may not.”

Q: What will you do if only one of you has got to keep Tommy safe? Like, only one of you get him all to yourself?

A:

“Probably fight to the death,” Technoblade answered for the three of them, “Or cry. Or both.”

Q: What WILL you guys do when Tommy grows up and moves away and such?

A:

“Well, when that day comes, we’ll just tell him to visit and ask for his address -- to send him letters and gifts, of course,” Phil says, “We can’t control him and his actions, even if we desire to. We just give him good wishes and blessings-”

Wilbur sniffed loudly, giving a teary, pouty look towards Phil. Technoblade gave his own put to the man as well.

“PHIL! WE CAN’T JUST LET HIM LEAVE-” Wilbur sobbed.

“Who will give me my gremling cuddles if we let him go Phil? Hm? Hm?” Technoblade leaned forward with a raised brow.

“Ah, for god’s sake mates-”

Q: Wilbur, where does the title ‘Dirty Crime Boy’ come from?

A:

“Oh, that?” Wilbur chuckles, “That was just a joke from back in my day... well, I did grow up in a poorer neighborhood, and wronguns were all the rage, and well I wasn’t in one of their little groups, I was a bit of a delinquent. One of my neighbors was an older woman who lived with her adult daughter, and she happened to be a heavy addict before going into her daughter’s care because of her newly diagnosed dementia. Due to her condition, she had to drop the drugs she was doing. She became paranoid and just plain unpleasant. She yelled at me whenever she saw me, no matter what I was doing or where I was. She was one of the most outspoken in the belief that any teenage delinquent was part of those low-class gangs,

and she would always raise her fist and yell, ‘You better be careful, you dirty crime boy! Someone ‘ought to shoot you one of these days!’ . Over time, and in spite, I took that name as my own. People in the neighborhood even referred to me as ‘that dirty crime boy who lives in the egg-white one’ . ”

Wilbur sighed wistfully, resting his head on his palm, “Ah, the good ol’ days.”

Q: (Courtesy of shameless_simp’s brothers) What is your opinion of fluffy rabbits?

A:

“Tasty,” Technoblade and Phil responded in unison, though Phil had a more playful tone to his answer.

Wilbur makes a face towards them, before slowly saying, “... cute... they’re cute.”

Q: Do you know Joe?

A:

“Joe? Like... Joe Biden from the Government-?” Technoblade snarls.

“Oh, like Joe Jonas?” Phil cuts Technoblade off with a raised brow.

“Yeah... Joe MAMA!” Wilbur cackles, earning two unimpressed glances from his two fellow companions.

Q: Do you remember and/or miss eating human food?

A:

“Why, I do still eat human food! Believe it or not, I prefer fruits and vegetables over meat, especially human meat,” Phil put a hand to his chin, leaning on it as his eyes raised upwards as he talked.

“Imagine,” Wilbur snorts, “No, I don’t remember eating any human food, so I don’t know if I miss it or not.”

“I don’t recall any memories of eating human food, but I doubt I’d miss it. Human flesh is just... so delicious,” Technoblade reveals his sharp tusks with a curl of his lips.

Q: Opinions on sweets?

A:

“They’re alright,” Wilbur shrugs, “I prefer savory dishes.”

“Ditto, mate, but I do have a soft spot for licorice,” Phil explains, holding his hands up in a 'what can you do' gesture.

A pause.

“I don't like candy.”

“Lies,” Wilbur says bluntly.

“It's true,” Technoblade counters.

“Yeah, you dislike candy like how you dislike Tommy. Oh wait- you don't dislike our sweet boy. What a coincidence,” Wilbur says cheekily as Techno's eye twitches, opening his mouth as the two plunge into an argument.

“Technoblade has a massive sweet tooth,” Phil says as the two others begin to hash it out, observing them from the corner of his eye, “He fucking adores anything caramel, though- Wait, Tech, put down the knife- TECHNOBLADE-”

For the Humans:

Q: Tommy, may I pat you in exchange for my crayon set?

A: Tommy furrows his brows, picking at his tiny fingers before nodding, “Okay... but you have to pinky promise!”

(His hair feels like cotton fluff mixed with a golden retriever puppy's fur.)

Q: Kids who have been going through it, what is it like to have supernatural events happening in a short amount of time?

A:

“It's horrible, it's so fucking horrible... I just- It makes me- I just want-” Clay lets out a frustrated noise, grabbing at his arms tightly in a self-hug position.

“Su-per-nat-ural?” Tubbo questions while tilting his head, “Sounds funny...”

“No big man, it sounds awesome!” Tommy exclaims, Mark nodding in agreement.

“No, bubbas, it's not cool- it's really bad and-” Clay tries to explain, eyes widened.

“No, it's cool,” Tommy says with finality, oblivious to the look Clay is giving him. The three boys all nod in unison towards the eldest. It almost felt demeaning.

Q: Tommy, do you have a comfort plush/toy/item?

A: Tommy runs off before returning with a large spider plush, bigger than his entire body. He presents it with a simple, "Shroud."

Q: Tommy, if you had to choose between the three of your cryptid friends, which one would you want as your best friend forever -- like forever, ever?

A:

"Oh, um... probably Wilby," Tommy answers, "He's funny, and he sings to me, and he gives me hugs and kisses and cuddles whenever I want!"

("YES! YES! AHA, FUCKERS! I WON!"

"Well, I wouldn't say that mate but if-... Techno. Put the sword away and calm down- TECHNOBLADE!")

Q: Karl, how old are you?

A:

"I'm twelve," Karl says, "but I'm turning thirteen in a couple of weeks!"

Q: Karl, are you friends with Dream/Clay, George, Sapnap?

A:

"Yep! They're my best friends! We do everything together... well not everything, everything, but you know what I mean," Karl says, playing with his hands.

Q: Karl, have you ever had an argument with a past/future version of yourself (over anything or for information)?

A:

"Oh of course! I can't say any arguments have been recent, but I have gotten into it with future versions of me. I can't say that I've ever had a fight with a past-me before, though," Karl explained, using his hands to weave his words into an invisible picture.

Q: Babies, opinions on sweets?

A:

“Sweets! Sweets are the best!” Tommy cheers, “Especially the fruity ones, like t-.. Tarts? Tarts!”

“Ew,” Tubbo sticks his tongue out, wrinkling his nose, “No.. I like the- the sour stuff.”

“Um... I don’t really mind them but I prefer to just eat v-vegetables,” Mark mumbles, and freezes when he looks up when he sees the two horrified looks the two other toddlers are giving him.

“I’m gonna go get a doctor, boss man! Make sure he stays right there!” Tubbo rushes out before running off. Tommy salutes, before turning to his friend who began to cower.

“Tom- Tommy wait-” Mark whimpered before waddling away with an angry Tommy on his heels, arms outstretched to catch and restrain him with a bellowing “MARK!”

Q: Tommy, what is your favorite movie and drawing you’ve ever made?

A: “I love ‘UP!’ and the froggy movie with the princess... um... oh ‘Princess and the Frog’!” Tommy jumps to attention, excitement in his big blue eyes, “and I like that one dragon that I draw- draw with chalk that Techie helps me draw! Her name is Ender and she’s really cool!”

For The Other Cryptids:

Q: Is water wet?

A:

“Yeah!” Foolish affirmed. He paused before his face fell, “Well, actually maybe, not... wait... wait-!”

“I hope so,” Ran and Boo harmonized with a look between each other.

Dream’s cryptid stares at the question and does not say a word.

Q: Dream’s cryptid, do you realize Dream/Clay is absolutely terrified of you?

A:

“...” Dream’s cryptid straightens out and rolls his shoulders back, standing up to their full height before saying barely above a whisper “... for now.”

Q: (Courtesy of shameless_simp’s brothers) What is your opinion of fluffy rabbits?

A:

“Awe gosh, they’re so cute, just like my little bumblebee!” Foolish clasps his hands together, swaying a bit back and forth.

“They are interesting creatures to observe,” Ran says as Boo states bluntly, “They taste super good, like really fucking good-”. The two stared at each other with a silent argument passing between them.

Dream’s cryptid stares down at the paper, “... disgusting.”

Q: Dream’s cryptid, what do you think Dream/Clay would look like as a cryptid?

A:

“Beautiful,” Dream’s cryptid says surprisingly quickly, “My little jewel would be beautiful, and so very vibrant in every sense possible. I would hope he looked like me -- the corruption flooding through our veins, the sickness, the infection... I would hope he’d have it all.”

Q: Opinions on sweets?

A:

“Well, I like all kinds of food, so they’re great!” Foolish states simply.

“We’ve never had any,” Ran answers for him and Boo, “But I don’t think we would. We’re not big fans of food in general.”

Dream’s cryptid stands still as a statue before shuffling and asking quietly, “Does my little jewel like them...? If so... then I suppose... I do... hm..”

Thank you all so much!

I couldn't answer some questions for plot purposes, but I hope you still enjoyed!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!